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SPIDER-MAN

UNLIMITED



DIRECT EDITION



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"THE BRUTE!"

KEVIN
CANDELARIO

THE



AT A DEMONSTRATION ON RADIOLOGY, HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER FROM WHICH HE GAINED THE ARACHNID'S INCREDIBLE ABILITIES. WHEN A BURGLAR KILLED HIS BELOVED UNCLE BEN, A GRIEF-STRICKEN PETER VOWED TO USE HIS GREAT POWERS IN THE SERVICE OF HIS FELLOW MAN, BECAUSE HE LEARNED AN INVALUABLE LESSON: WITH GREAT POWER MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. NOW, HAVING BEEN TRANSPORTED TO THE PLANET CALLED COUNTER-EARTH IN SEARCH OF ASTRONAUT JOHN JAMESON, PETER MUST LEARN TO SURVIVE ON A WORLD FRAUGHT WITH ALIEN PERIL! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

SPIDER-MAN UNLIMITED

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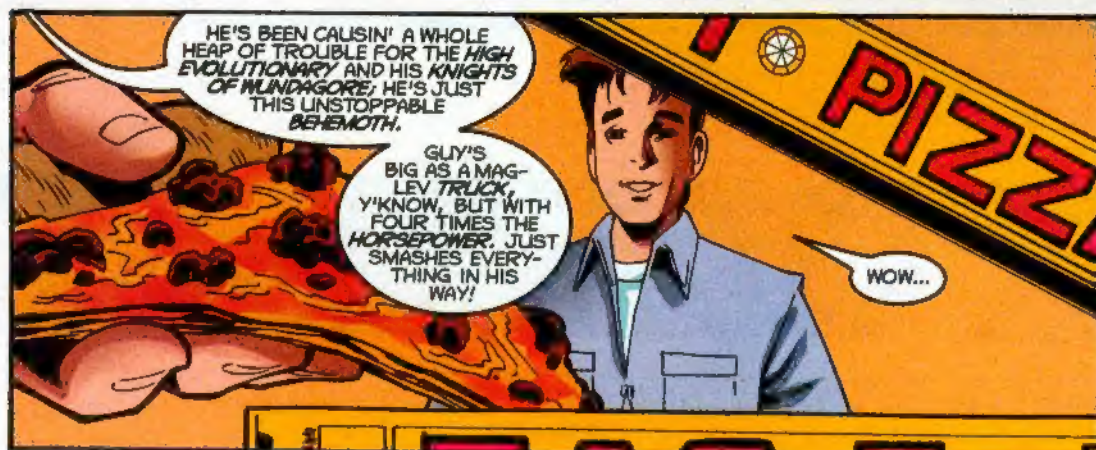
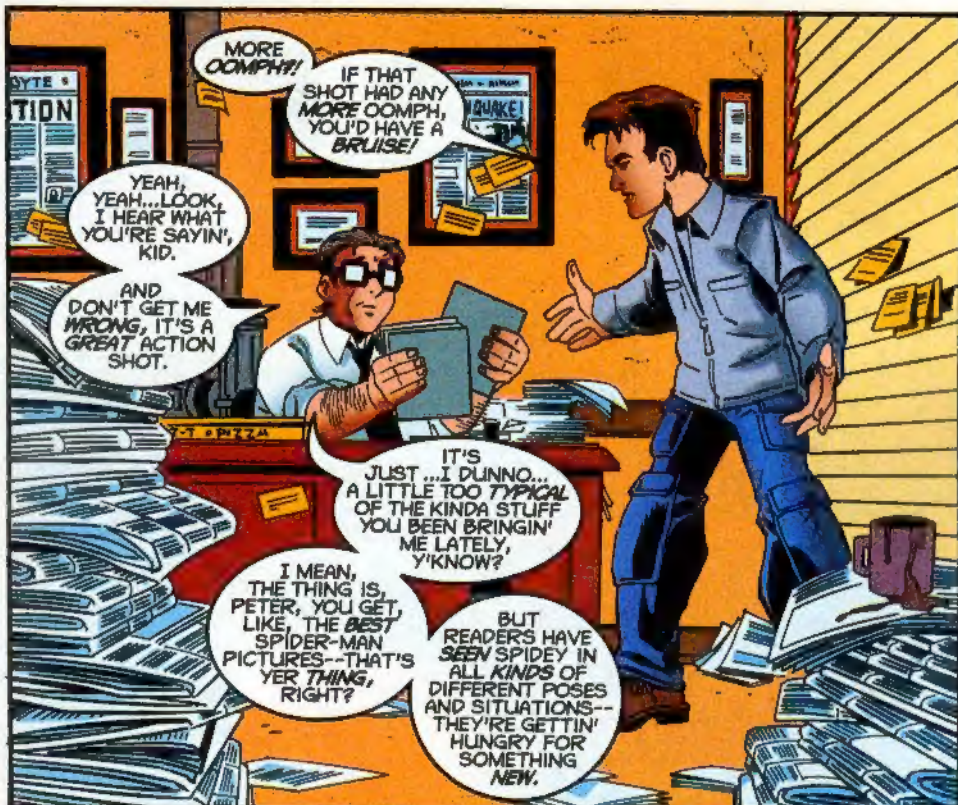
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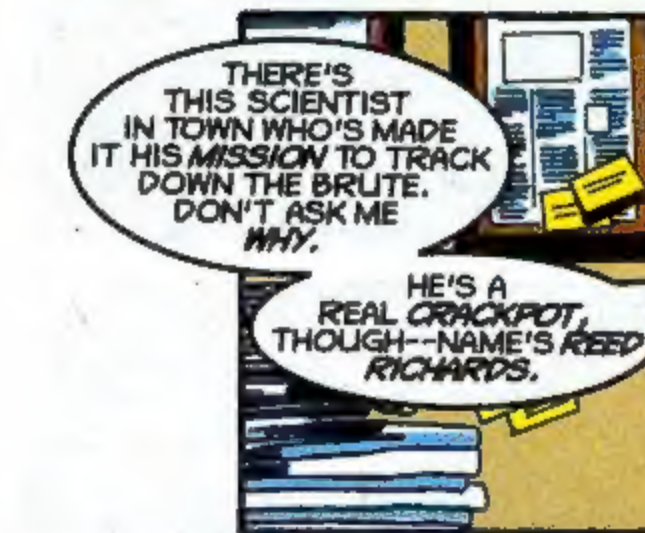
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COME ON,
PARKER--HOP ON
BOARD!

I KNOW
IT DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE MUCH, BUT YOU'LL
FIND IT'S REALLY QUITE
AN IMPRESSIVE
MACHINE.

IT'S
SOMETHING I JUST
WHIPPED TOGETHER SO
THAT I'D HAVE CONVENIENT
TRANSPORTATION TO
AND FROM THE UPPER
LEVELS OF THE
CITY...

...BUT
YOU'D BE AMAZED
HOW MANY BEASTIALS WANT
TO GET THEIR HANDS ON
SOMETHING JUST LIKE
THIS.

HEY, UH,
SPEAKING OF THE
BEASTIALS...

I
THOUGHT THEY
WERE THE ONLY
ONES ALLOWED...
YOU KNOW, UP
TOP.

YOUR
ASSUMPTION IS
CORRECT FOR THE
MOST PART, PETER,
BUT HONESTLY,
IT ALL DEPENDS
ON WHO YOU
ARE...

...OR
WHO YOU
KNOW.



WHERE I'M CONCERNED, IT'S A LITTLE BIT OF BOTH.

ACTUALLY, WHY BE MODEST? IT'S A LOT OF BOTH.

THE BEASTIALS RECOGNIZE GENIUS WHEN THEY SEE IT AND THEY'VE LONG VALUED ME FOR MY INTELLECT.

OH, MY GOD! COULD THIS GUY BE ANY MORE SELF-ABSORBED?



AND THAT'S IT, REALLY, LAD. WHEN YOU'RE AS ACHINGLY BRILLIANT AS I AM...

NOT ONLY DOES HE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING IN COMMON WITH THE REED RICHARDS. I'M FAMILIAR WITH FROM HOME...

...BUT THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO GET PICTURES OF THE BRUTE AT SOME SWANK BEASTIAL PARTY.

WHAT A WASTE OF TIME!



OH, WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME?

YOU MUST BE ON THE VERGE OF GNAWING OFF A LIMB DUE TO BOREDOM, PETER... SORRY.

I HAVE A TENDENCY TO RATTLE ON.

AND WHAT'S UNFORTUNATE IS THAT NOT EVERYONE IS INCISIVE ENOUGH TO APPRECIATE WHAT I HAVE TO SAY.

BRO-THER!



AWFULLY QUIET BACK THERE, AREN'T YOU, PETER? CHEER UP!

YOU'RE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE SOMETHING MOST HUMANS ONLY DREAM ABOUT!

YEAH, RIGHT, AND I BET THEY'RE NIGHTMARES, ONE AND ALL.

OH, WELL. MAYBE THE EVENING WON'T BE A TOTAL LOSS.

THEY SHOULD BE WORTH SOMETHING TO SOMEONE...

AT THE VERY LEAST, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SNAP SOME PHOTOS OF ASSORTED BEASTIALS IN PARTY MODE...



JEEZ, I CAN JUST IMAGINE THE SOCIETY PAGE COVERING A SOIREE LIKE THIS:

"LUSTY LABRADOR CAUGHT IN COMPROMISING POSITION WITH FEISTY FELINE!"

IT'S STILL HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THESE BEASTIALS COMPRISE COUNTER-EARTH'S ELITE WHILE ALL THE HUMANS MUCK AROUND AT POVERTY LEVEL DOWN BELOW.

THE CONTRAST IN LIVING CONDITIONS IS ALMOST REPULSIVE... BUT AT LEAST HERE, THERE'S A CLEAR DELINEATION BETWEEN WHO HAS WHAT.

ON EARTH, THE HAVES AND HAVE-NOTS ARE ALL PART OF THE SAME SPECIES.

AH, DR. RICHARDSSS. HOW GOOD OF YOU TO JOIN USSS TONIGHT.

IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE, MILOS.

I'VE BROUGHT A GUEST ALONG THIS EVENING. THAT ISN'T A PROBLEM, IS IT?

FOR YOU, MY FRIEND? OF COURSSSE NOT.

I'LL JUST NEED TO SSSCAN HIS IDENTIFICATION CHIP.



EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT, THEN.

AND DON'T WORRY, PETER, MILOS WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.

ONCE YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING SORTED, MEET ME OVER AT THE BAR.

BUT--!



NOW, YOU HUMAN...

...LET'SSS SSSCAN YOUR I.D. CHIP.



MY, UH...MY I.D. CHIP?

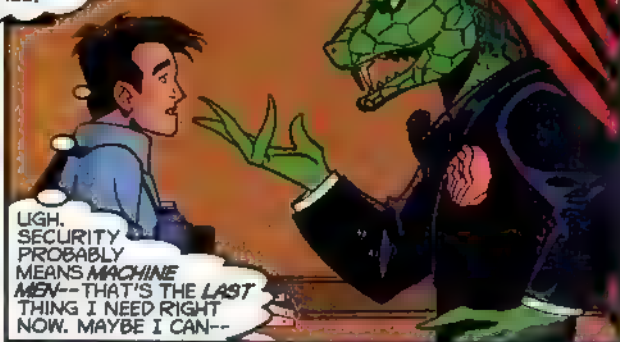
OKAY, PARKER. STAY CALM, STAY COOL...ACT DUMB.

WHICH IS ESSENTIALLY WHAT I AM. EVERY OTHER HUMAN ON COUNTER-EARTH HAS AN I.D. CHIP IN THEIR NECK--BUT I DON'T.

BEING ABLE TO WORK WITHOUT PROOF OF IDENTIFICATION IS WHAT LED ME TO START TAKING PHOTOS FOR THE DAILY BYTE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

LOOK. THISSS ISSS AN *EXCLUSSSIVE* ESSSTABLISHMENT. EITHER YOU COMPLY WITH MY REQUESST... QUICKLY...

...OR I CALL SSSSECURITY.



LIGH. SECURITY PROBABLY MEANS MACHINE MEN--THAT'S THE LAST THING I NEED RIGHT NOW. MAYBE I CAN--



WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

WHAT ARE THEY RUNNING FROM?



WHATEVER IT IS, MY SPIDER-SENSE JUST WENT INTO OVERDRIVE, I--

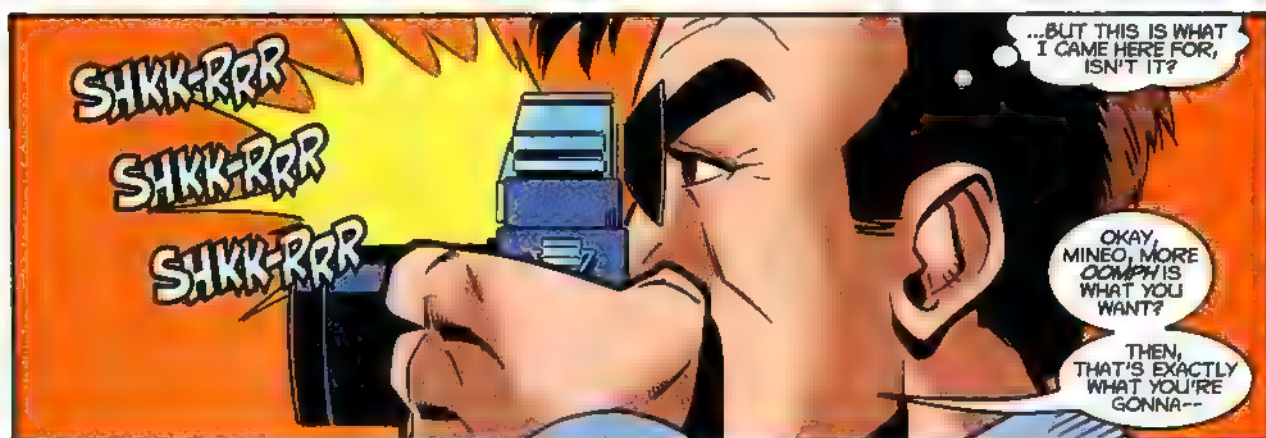
UH-OH.



OH,
MAN. IT'S
HIM...

THE
BRUTE!

I SHOULD
PROBABLY TAKE A
CLUE FROM THAT FLEEING
THRONG OF BEASTIALS AND
HIGHTAIL IT OUT
OF HERE...



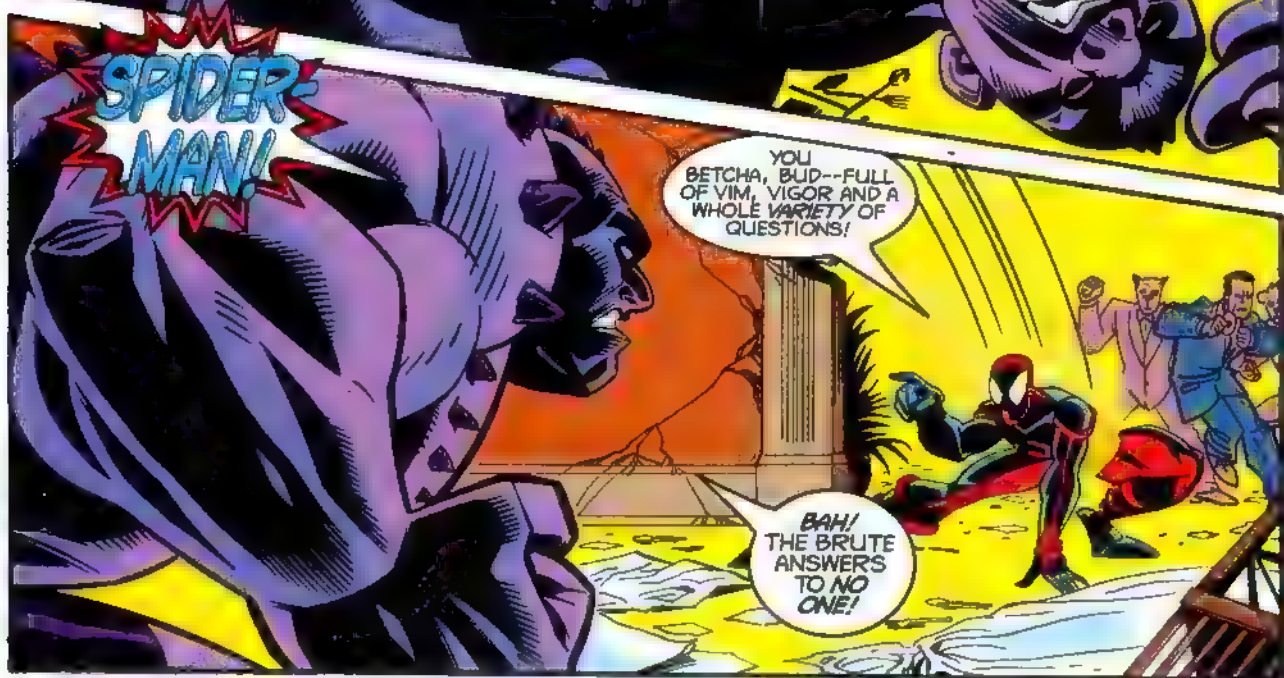
SHKK-RRR
SHKK-RRR
SHKK-RRR

...BUT THIS IS WHAT
I CAME HERE FOR,
ISN'T IT?

OKAY,
MINEO, MORE
COMPH IS
WHAT YOU
WANT?

THEN,
THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT YOU'RE
GONNA--







OKAY,
SO YOU'RE
NOT FEELING
PARTICULARLY
SOCIAL
TONIGHT.

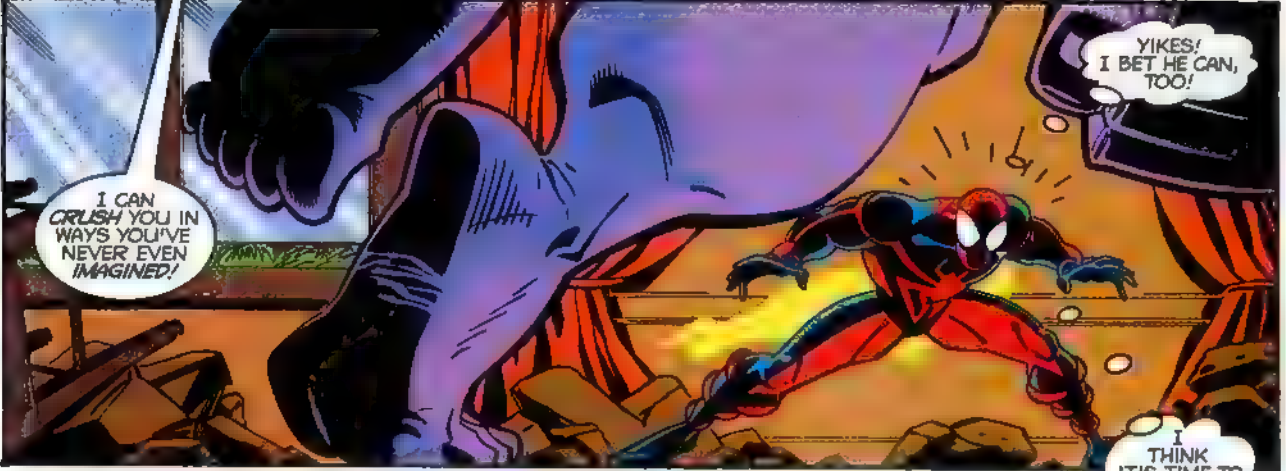
THWIPP

NEVER
LET IT BE SAID
THAT I DIDN'T GIVE
YOU FAIR WARNING
BEFORE
I--

WARNING?

SNAP

YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO
SHOULD TAKE HEED,
YOU WEB-HEADED
NUISANCE!



I CAN CRUSH YOU IN WAYS YOU'VE NEVER EVEN IMAGINED!

YIKES! I BET HE CAN, TOO!

I THINK IT'S TIME TO EXERCISE PLAN B...



KA BASS!

OR NOT.

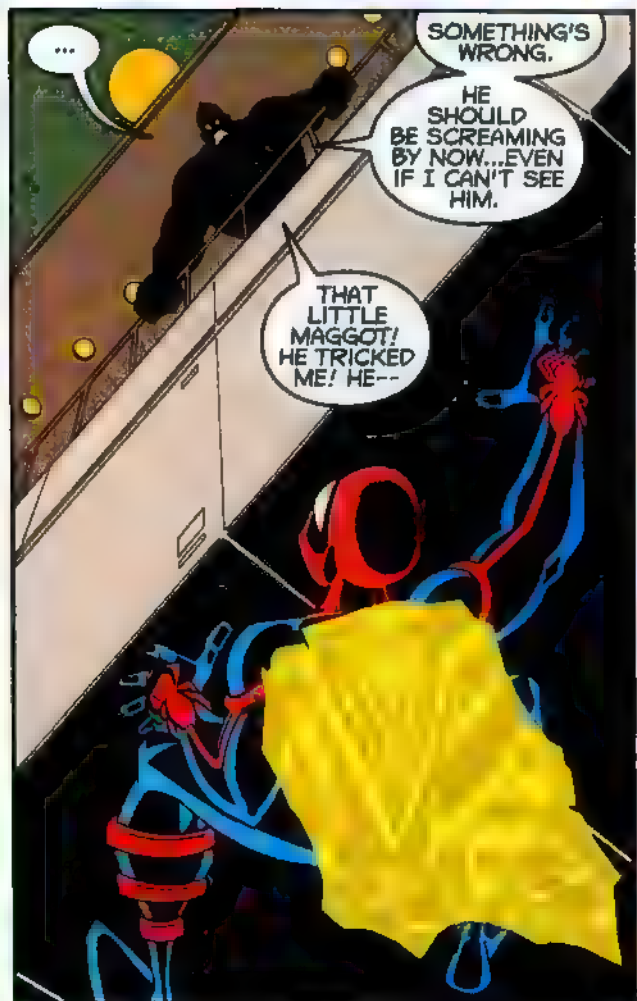


WE'RE OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE CLUB--

--BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF DR. RICHARDS' FLYING BATH TUB.

FOR A GUY WHOSE WHOLE SHTICK IS INVESTIGATING THE BRUTE, HE SURE MADE HIMSELF SCARCE ONCE HIS PURPLE PAL MADE THE SCENE.

WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT?





SPIDER-
MAN?

CAN
Y'TELL IF
HE'S COMIN'
'ROUND?

I CAN'T
SEE IF HIS
EYES ARE OPEN
THROUGH THOSE
BLOODY STUPID-
LOOKIN' LENSES
OF 'IS.

I THINK
HE IS WAKING
UP. BE QUIET,
BROMELY!

SPIDER-
MAN...ARE YOU
OKAY?

MARY...
MARY JANE?!

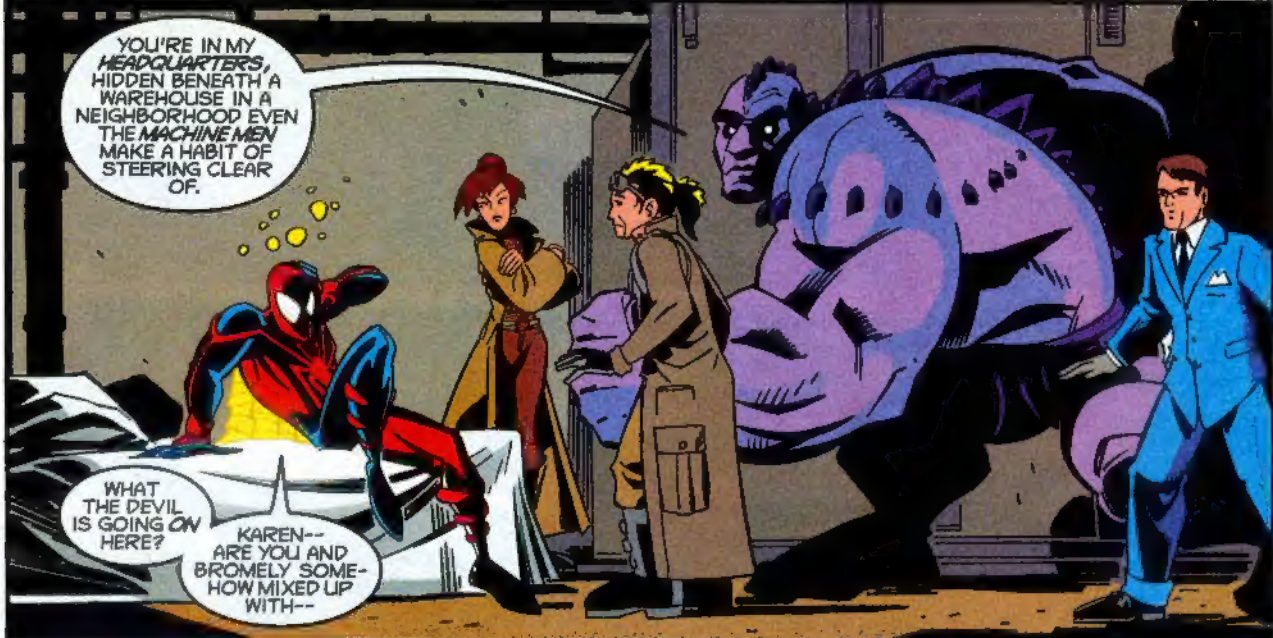
'FRAID NOT
LOVERBOY,
JUST LIL OL'
ME...

...AND
THE BOMB
FACTORY HERE.

KAREN!
KAREN O'MALLEY...
AND BROMELY!

BUT WHAT
HAPPENED?

WHERE
AM I?



YOU'RE IN MY HEADQUARTERS, HIDDEN BENEATH A WAREHOUSE IN A NEIGHBORHOOD EVEN THE MACHINE MEN MAKE A HABIT OF STEERING CLEAR OF.

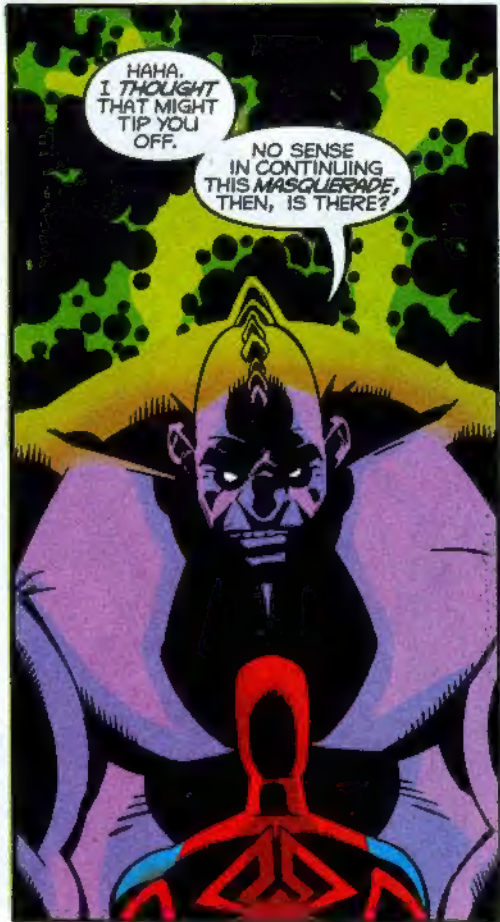
WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON HERE?

KAREN-- ARE YOU AND BROMELY SOMEHOW MIXED UP WITH--



WAIT A SECOND.

DID YOU SAY THIS PLACE IS UNDER A WAREHOUSE?

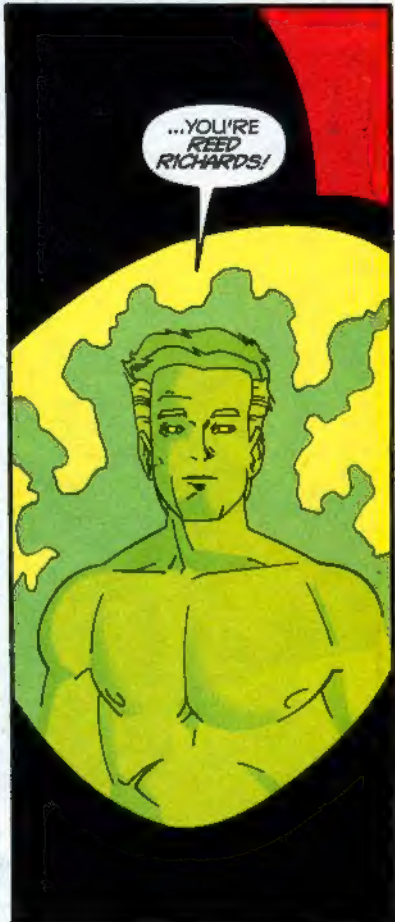


HAHA. I THOUGHT THAT MIGHT TIP YOU OFF.

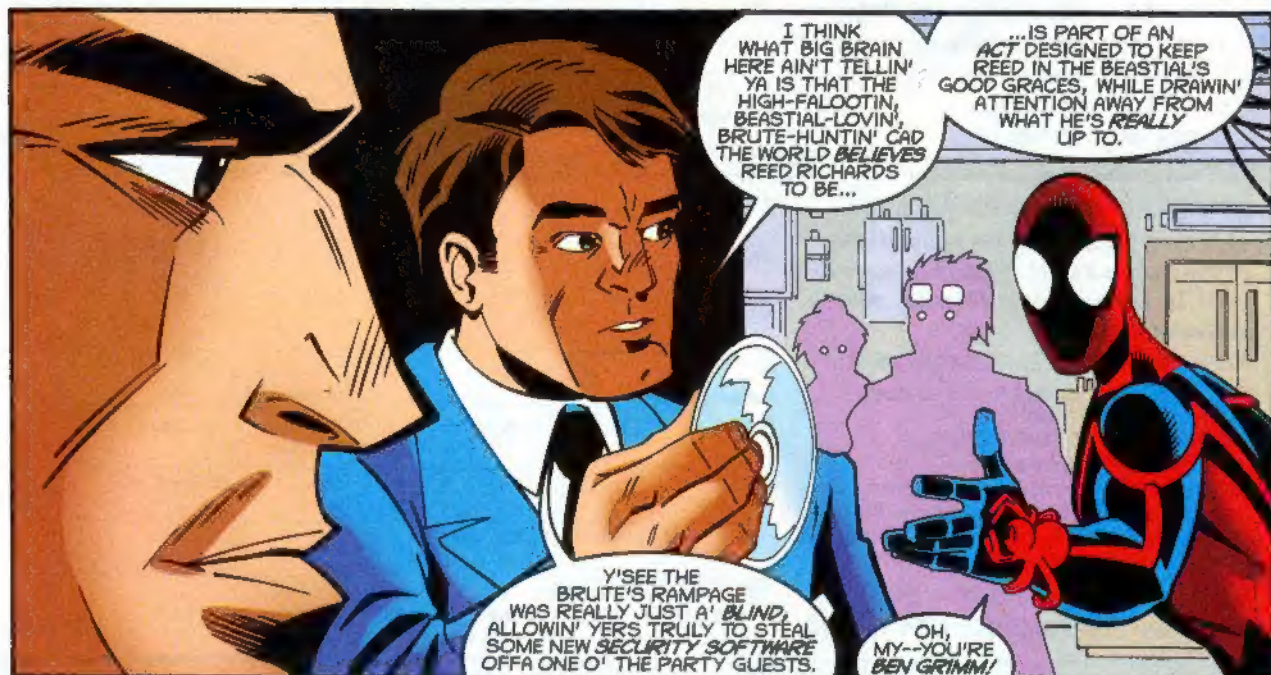
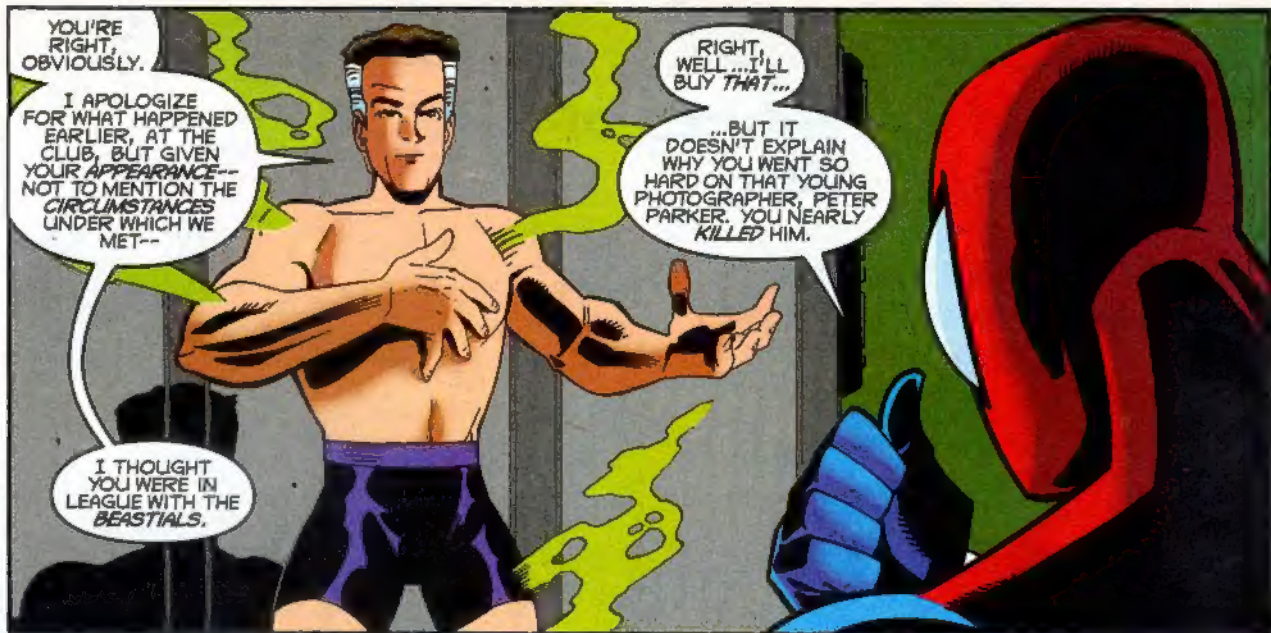
NO SENSE IN CONTINUING THIS MASQUERADE, THEN, IS THERE?



OH, MY GOSH.



...YOU'RE REED RICHARDS!





YOU GOT IT, WEB-HEAD.

ME AN' REED HAVE BEEN HELPIN' THE HUMAN REVOLUTION FOR A WHILE NOW.



DR. RICHARDS AND MR. GRIMM ARE REALLY BEING OVERLY MODEST, SPIDER-MAN.

IN MANY WAYS, THEY'VE BEEN THE INSPIRATION FOR OUR ENTIRE RESISTANCE EFFORT.



KAREN'S REFERRING TO AN ILL-FATED ATTEMPT TO CHALLENGE THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY, MADE BY MYSELF AND BEN...

...ALONG WITH MY FIANCEE, SUSAN STORM, AND HER BROTHER, JOHNNY.



"MY INSTRUMENTS HAD DETERMINED THAT THE EVOLUTIONARY MAINTAINED A BASE ON AN ASTEROID ORBITING THE EARTH, SO WE STOWED AWAY ABOARD AN AUTOMATED CRAFT HEADED THERE.

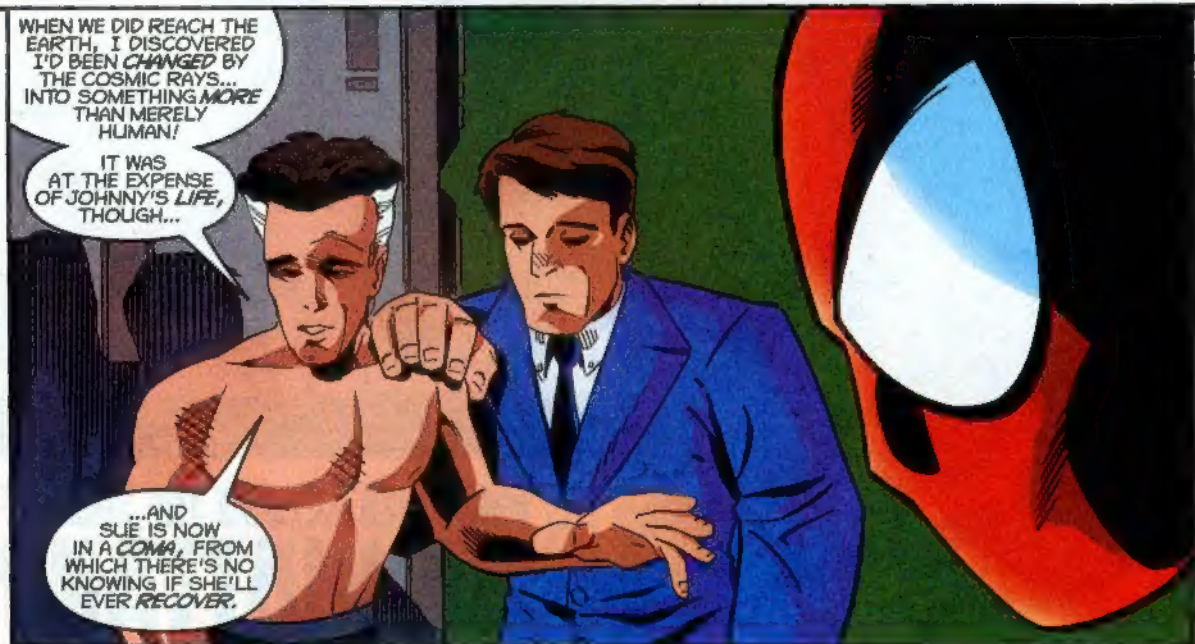
"THE SHIP RAN INTO TROUBLE, THOUGH--A COSMIC STORM-- AND WE HAD TO OVERRIDE THE SHIP'S AUTOPILOT AND ABORT OUR MISSION.



"EVEN SO, IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO MAKE OUR WAY SAFELY BACK HOME."

THE WHOLE SHIP--

--IT'S BEING BOMBARDED WITH COSMIC RAYS!



WHEN WE DID REACH THE EARTH, I DISCOVERED I'D BEEN CHANGED BY THE COSMIC RAYS... INTO SOMETHING MORE THAN MERELY HUMAN!

IT WAS AT THE EXPENSE OF JOHNNY'S LIFE, THOUGH...

...AND SUE IS NOW IN A COMA, FROM WHICH THERE'S NO KNOWING IF SHE'LL EVER RECOVER.

I CAN'T STRESS ENOUGH HOW SORRY I AM FOR WHAT HAPPENED AT THAT NIGHTCLUB, SPIDER-MAN.

EVERYTHING THE BRUTE DID UP THERE... IT WAS DONE IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE HUMANS WHO LIVE DOWN HERE.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE RESISTANCE...

I UNDERSTAND, DR. RICHARDS.

I WAS JUST THINKING, THOUGH... ABOUT HOW SAD IT IS THAT THINGS TURNED OUT THE WAY THEY DID FOR YOU...

...FOR SUE.

SPIDER-MAN...KAREN TOLD ME THAT YOU'RE FROM ANOTHER EARTH LOCATED SOME 200 MILLION MILES AWAY, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUN.

I DON'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO SAY THIS, BUT...THE WAY YOU SPEAK TO ME, THE WAY YOU REACTED TO BEN...

...I GET THE FEELING WE'VE MET BEFORE...ON THAT OTHER EARTH.

WE HAVE, DR. RICHARDS.

YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ARE SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROES THERE.

MY... FAMILY...?

YOU AND BEN...ALONG WITH JOHNNY STORM AND YOUR WIFE, SUSAN.

SHE'S AN INCREDIBLE, WOMAN, DR. RICHARDS, JUST AS I'M SURE YOUR SUE WAS.

I CAN ONLY IMAGINE HOW IT FEELS TO LOSE SOMEONE LIKE THAT.

INSIDE, YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A... MARY JANE? IS SHE...?

MY GIRLFRIEND. BACK HOME.

I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO DESCRIBE HOW MUCH I MISS HER.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TRY, SPIDER-MAN.

I KNOW.

NEXT WHAT LIES BEYOND THE EDGE OF MANHATTAN?